

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Iacks thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation:

I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?

King. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine.

Buc. Is it euen so, rewards hee my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone

To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tiranous and bloody deede is done,

The most arch-acts of pittious massacre,

That euer yet this land was guilty of,

Dighton and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,

To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,

Although they were flesht villaines, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderesse and compassion,

Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:

Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,

Thus, thus quoth *Forrest* girdling one another

Within their inoecent alablaster armes,

Their lipes like foure red Roses on a stalke,

When in there somner beauty kist each other,

A booke of prayer one their pillow laie,

which once quoth *Forrest* almost chang'd my mind,

But O the Diuell! there the villian stopt,

Whilst *Dighton* thus told, on we smothered

The most replenisht sweet worke of nature

That from the prime Creation euer he framde,

They could not speake, and so I left them both,

To bring these tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And heere he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.

King. Kind *Tirrell*, and I happy in thy newes?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge.

Beget your hapynesse, bee happy then,

For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?

King. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower I doe not know.

But how or in what place I doe not know.

King. Come to mee *Tirrell* soone after supper,

And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,

Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire, *Exit Tirrell.*

Farewell till soone.

The sonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp close,

His daughter meaneley haue I matcht in marriage,

The sonnes of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,

And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:

Now for I know the Brittain *Richmond* aimes

And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,

And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,

To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest so bluntly?

Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,

And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth,

King Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more neare

Then *Buckingham* and his rash leuel'd army:

Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,

Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,

Delay leades impotent and soaile-pac't beggery,

Then fiery expedition be my wings,

Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:

Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,

We must be brieft, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margret sola.

Qu. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death:

Here in these confines I lie haue I lurkt,

To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:

A dire induction am I witnesse too,

And will to *France*, hoping the consequence